

## **darling, you take my breath away by orphan\_account**

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**Summary:**

nancy wears her new perfume  
(set before season 1)

## darling, you take my breath away

### Author's Note:

me waking up this morning: i should write some  
niche stranger things content  
me posting this: why do i write nothing but niche  
stranger things content

After making out behind the bleachers for the second time, they agreed it was too early in the school year to make any kind of relationship public.

It was only October, and Steve's ex had only left him a month and a half ago. And Nancy didn't want anybody to think she was one of *those girls* that swoops in for the rebound. So they agreed to keep it *hush-hush*. On the down low. Stealthy. Like ninjas. They'd hang out before the school day started, in between classes sometimes, at the 7/11 after school. Nothing overtly romantic, but enough that they felt like they were dating anyway.

Of course they expected people at school (*especially* Steve's nosy ass friends) would eventually put A and B together and figure out why they hung out so much, but they didn't expect them to figure it out so damn *fast*.

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On day six of their secret relationship, Carol leaned over and prodded Steve's arm with a pencil during calculus.

"You good?" she whispered once Steve looked up at her. He gave her an odd look, and she waved around at her face. When he obviously didn't understand her sad attempt at charades, she leaned further forward. "Your eyes are gross."

Steve just rolled his eyes, turning back to the teacher when he glared

at them.

After class, she caught him by the arm, sharp fingernails digging into his arm through his shirt. "The fuck's going on? You don't usually smoke before school. And you didn't even invite me."

"I- *what*? I didn't smoke this morning, Tommy has all my shit from last weekend," he said, and Carol snorted.

"Oh *please*. Your eyes are all red and you've got that weird wheezy thing you get after you smoke going on. Trust me, bitch, I know a stoner when I see one," she said as she looked him up and down. Steve pushed her playfully in the arm.

"Takes one to know one," he laughed, taking Carol's compact when she handed it to him. "Oh *Jesus*..." it wasn't as bad as she made it sound. His eyes were red rimmed and a little watery, sort of how people look when they're about to cry. He shoved the compact back into her hands. "You fucking drama queen."

"Oh yeah, bitch, sue me for being a good friend!" she shouted after him as he walked away.

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He spent lunch with Nancy in the alley next to the football field, her head on his shoulder, his arm around her waist, both of them just enjoying each other's company as they ate.

"I kind of *want* people to find out, you know? Then we won't have to be all weird about it, but we don't have to come out and say it either," Nancy said, and Steve nodded, kissing the side of her head.

"Yeah, I feel you."

"You're not too bad, Steve Harrington," she smiled up at him, and he smiled back.

"You're not too bad either, Wheeler," they kissed, a little awkward

because of the angle, and Steve leaned his head on top of hers, "You smell good."

Nancy smirked. "New perfume," she said, and then shifted so she could press a gentle kiss to his lips. His hand traveled up to the back of her head and hers slid down his back to pull him closer, and she kissed him harder, and-

"*Fuck*- sorry-" Steve pulled away from her and coughed harshly into the fold of his arm several times, the wheezing breath he took in afterwards making Nancy sit forward in concern.

"Are you okay?" she asked, resting a hand on his thigh. Steve cleared his throat and laughed, nodding.

"Yeah, I'm good," he leaned toward her, smirking, "Pick up where we left off?"

Nancy went to lean into the kiss for a moment, then stopped, pulling away. "You might be sick."

Steve winked, "Worth the risk."

She just laughed at him, scooting backwards and putting her hands up. "Um, *not* worth the risk. I have a *huge* test next week and I'm not missing *anything* leading up to it."

"Nance..."

"*Steve*."

He rolled his eyes, leaning back on his elbows. "Fine, fine."

Nancy smiled at him as she collected her things, unable to stop a laugh from bubbling out of her. "You're an *idiot*, Steve Harrington," she planted a kiss on the top of his head before leaving the alley, skirt swishing as she walked.

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During gym, Steve was *seriously* off his game.

He didn't have it in him to laugh when Tommy side-checked some skinny kid and sent him to the ground. He let the ball go straight past him without even *trying* to intercept it. The coach had already yelled at him three times for not paying attention, "*The hell's wrong with you, Harrington!? Eyes on the ball!*" And he kept *coughing*.

About ten minutes into the class, Steve realized he was *winded*.

He stopped in his tracks and braced his hands on his knees, closing his eyes and letting his head drop. *In, out, in, out*. He tried to regulate his breathing, but it wasn't helping. *Jeez, what's wrong with me*, he thought. This *never* happened. He was a student athlete, for fuck's sake, he could usually handle himself in a stupid gym class.

Every breath got harder and harder, he could feel himself *panting* and coughing pathetically, trying to get a decent amount of air. *The coach was yelling at him*. His throat and lungs felt like they were *burning*, his heart beating so fast he thought he was having a heart attack, *fuck-*

"Harrington, look at me."

Steve lifted his head with difficulty, trying to straighten up and stand, but it just sent him into another fit of painful coughing. Distantly, he could feel the coach's hand gripping his upper arm, telling someone to get the nurse.

"I'm taking you to the bleachers, kid, alright?"

He couldn't even nod in response, he just let the coach guide him over to the bleachers, where he promptly collapsed onto the floor. All his breaths were coming out in short wheezes now as he fought to take a deep breath; it felt like he was drowning in the air.

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"Asthma? *Seriously!?*" Tommy laughed, punching Steve in the arm, "Dude, that's like, the geekiest fucking thing I've ever heard."

"Fuck off, dude," Steve shot back, but the tired, hoarse quality of his voice made it sound a little pathetic.

"So can you like, not play sports anymore or something?" Carol asked, blowing a bubble and popping her gum obnoxiously. Steve shrugged. "That would suck so much ass. Sports are like... your best quality."

"You could join the chess club, nerd-"

"*Dude!*" Steve laughed and pushed Tommy off him, running a hand through his hair, "The nurse said it was like... not a sports thing. So I'm good with that."

"The fuck was it, then?" Carol asked.

"I don't know, like... a stress thing, maybe? She said like stress or allergies combined with exercise or something stupid like that, like she asked me all these dumbass questions about like 'have I eaten anything new lately' or 'am I using new cologne or'..." his imitation of the school nurse trailed off, and realization hit him. *Oh, shit. Nancy.*

"Ooh, princess, who's Nancy?" Tommy asked, spinning around to walk backwards. Steve hadn't even realized he'd said that out loud.

"*Nancy!?*" Carol laughed, loud and shrill, "You're fucking that sophomore, aren't you!?"

"What!?" Steve tried to feign innocence, "I- *no!*"

"Fuck's her name?" Tommy pretended to think about it, "Nancy Webber? Wiener?"

"Wheeler."

"I *knew it!*" Carol grinned maliciously, pointing a finger in Steve's face.

Steve rolled his eyes, continuing down the hallway. "It's not a big deal, Carol, we're just... not advertising our relationship or anything."

"Yeah, you're not advertising it 'cause she's a *geek*, ha!" Tommy laughed, half-jumping on Steve's back. Steve shrugged him off.

"Fuck you, dude, she's cool."

"Then why don't you invite her to hang out with us?" Carol smirked.

Steve rolled his eyes. "You know what? I will."

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Nancy met Steve outside the 7/11, just like they always did after school, and immediately ran up to give him a hug.

"Everybody said you freaked out in gym, is everything okay!? What's going on? Are you alright? Did something happen?" she was babbling, and Steve smiled, cutting her off with a quick kiss.

"I'm fine, Nance," he said.

She still looked concerned, grabbing one of his hands and squeezing it tight. "What happened?"

Steve shrugged, trying to act nonchalant. "It was like an asthma attack, or something. No big deal."

Nancy looked *floored* by the statement. "No big deal!? Are you *serious*!? Steve, you didn't tell me you had asthma!"

"It was never a problem 'til now, my bad!" he put his hands up in mock defense, smiling at her again, "You're so cute when you're worried."

"It's not *funny*, Steve."

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry," he said, grabbing her hands up again and leaning in to give her a kiss. When he went to stand back up, Nancy shot one hand up to his face, holding him there. Her brow was furrowed, and she was studying him intensely. "What?"

"You're wheezing," she muttered. Steve just laughed. "What's so funny?"

He shrugged, kissing her again and wrapping his arms around her waist. "I might be like, allergic to your new perfume or something, but like... Who cares, am I right? You're pretty."

"Um!" Nancy shouted, trying to pull away from him, "I care! You shouldn't be around me right now, I'm gonna go home and shower, and we can hang out when I *can't* kill you-"

"You're not gonna kill me, Nance, c'mon," he said, still holding onto her hand, "You're just so pretty you take my breath away!"

Nancy let out a sigh, smiling. "You're *such* an idiot, Steve Harrington," she stood on her tip toes to give him one last kiss, "But you're *my* idiot."